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PLATONIC FRIENDSHIPS.

THE subject of Platonic friendships or attachments is a tempting one to an essayist; yet its treatment is difficult and delicate, on account of the dangerous ground over which we must tread. Without going back to the theories of the old Platonists, some of which are exploded, and most of which have been considerably modified, we all know what is meant by the term 'Platonic friendship' in the phraseology of the present day. The words are indeed generally used in rather a sneering tone, and there are many unbelievers in the existence of such a relationship. Most people think it quite an ideal connection, only to be realised in some Utopia, to which we are all obliged to relegate in turn most of our cherished illusions. Still it is a beautiful conception; and as there undoubtedly have been well-authenticated historical instances of such an intercourse, we may be permitted to treat of it as at least possible, if rare. It will, however, first be necessary to define strictly what a *bond-fide* Platonic friendship is, as the name is often degraded, and made to mean very different things by different people.

A pure Platonic friendship, then, is, as we shall speak of it in this paper, a close and constant attachment between two persons of opposite sexes, into which, from beginning to end, nothing of the passion of love has ever entered, and in which neither of the parties has ever contemplated marriage as the result of their friendship. It is, we must confess, a connection so rare, even amongst men and women of exceptional characters, and under exceptional circumstances, as almost to justify the prevailing scepticism as to its possibility. Yet we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that there have been such friendships. We have biographies and letters of well-known literary characters which testify to the existence of what we have called Platonic attachments lasting for years, or even for a lifetime, and which have been beneficial

and comforting to both parties. We also, some of us, know cases in our own experience, or in that of those around us, of friendships which have so closely justified the definition given above, that there would be a difficulty in placing them in any other category.

It is easy to account for the rarity of the connection. We all know, alas! to our cost, and to our sore trouble of heart, how rare a thing a true mutual friendship is, even between persons of the same sex, and how many disappointments we meet with in our way through life. How much more rare a thing, then, must be a true, unselfish, strong attachment between those of opposite sexes, when we consider the snares and pitfalls which lie in its course. If the two parties are perfectly free in heart, they are of course subject to the danger of permitting their friendship to develop into something closer and deeper; and if, on the other hand, they are bound to others either by congenial or uncongenial ties, there is the worse danger of jealousies, and of that interference with 'vested rights' which is always to be deprecated. It is therefore easy to see why the Platonic sentiment has come to be so generally sneered at and distrusted.

It is probably due to the character of our social laws and conventionalities and old prejudices, that such connections are very uncommon in this country. This may result as much from want of the opportunity to bring such friendships to perfection, as from there being anything in nature to forbid them. We may remark, indeed, how very rarely our novelists or poets—who touch on almost every possible relationship of life—have portrayed for us a steady typical Platonic friendship. We can scarcely recall an instance of even one such, in thinking over all the fictions we are familiar with. Even when there has seemed a promising case in the beginning, as Adam and Dinah in *Adam Bede*, Tom Thurnall and Grace in *Two Years Ago*, or Daniel Deronda and Gwendolen, it has always failed in the end, and the destructive element of love—destructive, that is, to the continuance of the Platonic connection

—has obtruded itself, sometimes on one side, sometimes on both. It is not difficult to see why this should be. The most natural termination to a close and tender attachment between the sexes, where both have hearts unoccupied by others, or by 'a memory,' is love, pure and simple, even though the attachment may have begun, and continued for years without any admixture of this passion. On the other hand, in the case of two people who have other ties, the Platonic connection is seldom desired, and is always dangerous.

The chief components of a true Platonic friendship are, on the man's part, affection, respect, and entire confidence; on the woman's, devotion, self-sacrifice, and a constant regard for the well-being of its object. It partakes more, as we have said, of the nature of the relationship of brother and sister, or, if the ages differ much, of that of parent and child, than any other affection. Those among us who have happily realised this ideal friendship, or think they have done so, may be permitted to rejoice in it. It is a relationship which it seems a pity to believe impossible, or even uncommon, and is one which we can conceive of as being fruitful in beneficent results to both men and women, a sweetener of existence to many solitary hearts who, from other adverse circumstances, incompatible ties, or other causes, have failed to find much comfort in the more ordinary relationships of life.

Men who have met with a real and lasting disappointment in love—and there are such cases—either from death, treachery, or an unhappy marriage, are the most likely subjects of all others to form a strong Platonic friendship for any kindly, sympathetic woman with whom they may be brought into contact. Indeed it is almost certain that they will do so, as it is scarcely possible for any one to live without at least one close friend; and the heart may be too dead for a second trial of the closest passion of all, or there may be obstacles in the way of indulging it. On the other hand, those who are called 'disappointed women' are not such promising subjects. Being generally too faithful to a love or a memory to care for any new tie, they solace themselves with their remaining domestic connections, or with the love of children.

There are, however, women free in heart who are specially capable of Platonic attachments. Some women from the tone of their mind, or from the habit of hourly and daily intercourse with the beloved male members of their own family, grow to like the characters, conversation, and companionship of men better than they do those of their own sex; and they therefore form attachments for, or at least are strongly attracted by, men of their acquaintance, whom they know well, and who may chance to be congenial spirits. And this may be so without a thought of love, especially if love is not offered to them. Men who are disappointed in their wives, as far as intellect goes, often seek mental companionship elsewhere, and generally choose a woman for such. This is, however, one of the dangerous cases; and the woman chosen must indeed be so exceptional as to be an almost impossible character.

There are often what may be called spurious Platonic attachments, as there are spurious

loves, which bring discredit on the real article; some in which one or both parties think they are acting *bond fide*; others in which the name of the half-recognised sentiment is made use of for unworthy purposes. There are men, for instance, who are capable of a very good imitation of a Platonic attachment, and who indulge in such in all good faith. We can all recall cases of this kind. They chiefly occur between cousins, or old friends from childhood, who have been thrown much together, and have many interests and thoughts in common; but often between mere casual acquaintances, where the girl is soft, sympathetic, and kind, and above all not exacting. The men in these cases may truly love elsewhere at the same time, and make the secondary love, so to speak, the receptacle of the confidences to which their male companions would not have the patience to listen. These little episodes in a man's life are, however, very far from fulfilling all the conditions of the true or ideal Platonic friendship, which is in its purity and intensity a thing of the life and of the heart, and one of the chief elements of which is constancy.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER X.—THE GHOST OF GARLING'S PAST.

GARLING, trusted cashier and manager to the great house of Lumby, sat in his own apartments in Fleet Street. The streets outside were filled with fog, and the lamps burned yellow in the haze. Voices of passers-by, footsteps, roll and roar and rumble of traffic by seething Temple Bar, came faintly, as though filtered through wool before reaching Garling's ears. There was a half-extinguished fire upon the hearth, the red glaring with dying anger through gray ashes. At a large circular table, lighted by one shaded lamp, sat the secret man, his hands resting passively in the light, his face in darkness. Outside the circle of the shaded lamp, everything lay in doubled darkness; and shadows lurked behind the meagre chairs, hiding in gloomy corners, as though, like Garling's face, they had drawn back from the tell-tale lamp. Muffled like the outer sounds, the voices of dead youth spoke through the fogs of many years. Unformed and indistinct, like the shadows in the corners of his room, the faces and figures known in that dead youth time moved before him. He had no wish or will to summon back the Past, but it flowed in upon him like a phantom tide. He could no more resist its coming than he could have swept back a real sea upon an actual beach. It rose about him with voices sad and terrible, and, as it were upon the crest of every phantom wave, old faces smiled or frowned again, and in the murmur of that tide of time old voices spoke.

Out of this mood he came into another, to which the first seemed but the natural prelude. Scenes came before him: gray, as in dreams, with no light upon them. And, indistinctly—as he saw the scenes—he heard the voices of those who acted in them, filtered through the fogs of years.

'You are going,' said one phantom, 'to the coast?'

'Yes,' said another; 'down to Devonshire.'

The latter phantom was himself of three-and-twenty years ago; the other, a friend who died.

'I am uncertain where to go,' said the voice of the first phantom, speaking in Memory's ear. 'Shall I join you? Do you mind?'

'Come by all means,' said the ghost of Garling's past; and the scene changed, yet the people were the same.

'I am recalled,' said the shadowy friend, 'and must return at once. I must travel hastily. You had better take my luggage on, and bring it back to town with you.'

The scene changed again. His self that was, had lighted at a village inn alone. He saw the ghost of a coachman, the ghosts of a team of horses, the ghost of a coach, the ghost of an old portmanteau. The portmanteau bore a name—E. MARTIAL—painted in white letters. There was an unsubstantial waiter on the scene, touching a shadowy forelock with vague finger. 'Your luggage, sir?'

'Yes,' said the ghost of Garling's past; 'mine.' And so he was there as 'Mr Martial.' He had not thought of these things for years.

It was moonlight in the summer-time, and the gray waves vaguely seen were crumbling on the cliffs below. Roll and roar and rumble of traffic by seething Temple Bar came through the fog, and helped the picture, with noises as of the sea. His dead youth was here again.

'You love me well enough to trust me?'

'I love you better than any words that I can find will say.'

Is this a careworn woman, in a squalid room, with sewing on her lap, looking up at him as he enters? No. That was only a break in the vision, and the girl's face was fair—fair, with a tender bloom upon it; and in the eyes which turned to look in those of the ghost of Garling's youth, the light of love. Passive, dull-eyed, sate Garling in his own room, pondering on this dream. Was there any touch of pity in him—any stirring of remorse?

A village church—a quiet wedding—a clergyman, quite blurred with the fog of many years, was speaking; but ill-remembered though he may be, his voice was clear enough—'Wilt thou, Edward Martial, take this woman to thy wedded wife?' It was Garling's voice which answered 'I will:' his own hand traced the false name in the ghostly register. Garling's dead youth had kissed the bride, and the picture faded. Was there any touch of pity in him—any stirring of remorse?

* * * * *

Suddenly, in one high corner of the room in which the cashier dreamed these dreams, a bell rang. Moving his hand in a startled way, he tilted the shade upon the lamp, and all the shadows that had lain behind him swept across the room, as the visions flitted from his mind. He threw open the door, wide, so that the lamplight might fall upon the stairs without, and passed down them. 'Who's there?' he cried.

A voice spoke through the letter-slip, and stirred the little cloud of yellow fog that lingered round it. 'I want to see Mr Martial.'

'Who are you? What do you want?' asked Garling ungraciously, as he opened the door.

A tall figure stood in the fog, dimly visible by the light of a street lamp. The cashier peering at him, made out that he was respectably attired. 'What do you want?' he asked again.

'I want to see Mr Martial,' said the man. 'Is that you, mister?'

'Mr Martial has gone away from here long since,' said Garling.

'That's a pity,' said the man. 'His wife's dyin'. She sent me to this address—at least her daughter did.'

'Come in.'

The man entered, closing the door behind him, and followed the cashier up-stairs. Garling turning round upon him there, as he stood full in the lamplight, looked at him for half a minute, and then replaced the shade of the lamp. 'Who are you?' he demanded.

'I'm a lodger in Mrs Martial's house.'

'What's your name?'

'Hiram Search,' replied the messenger.—

'What's yourn?'

Garling returned no answer to this query; but from under down-drawn brows regarded his visitor, rather as if he looked beyond him than at him.

'Can you tell me where Mr Martial is to be found?' asked Hiram.

'No,' said Garling; 'I can't.'

'And wouldn't if you could,' said Hiram to himself. The cashier's manner certainly conveyed that inference legitimately enough.

'How long,' asked Garling, 'has his wife been ill?'

'She's been ailin',' Hiram responded, 'for a long time; but she's only been real bad about a week.'

'Who says she is dying?'

'Doctor,' said Hiram laconically. Neither of the two men liked the other. There was an instinctive antagonism between them. 'Says she can't live the night out,' he added.

'Go and call a cab,' said the cashier.

'There's one outside,' responded Hiram.

Mr Garling drew on an overcoat, goloshes and gloves, wound a muffler about his throat, put on his hat, all gravely and deliberately, and then turned down the lamp. Hiram led the way down-stairs, and they entered the cab which waited at the door. 'Drive straight back,' said Hiram, 'an' make haste.'

Roll and roar as though a tide were rising near at hand. Spectral appearances and disappearances of red-eyed monsters, mistily discerned as hansom cabs, growing out of fog-like exhalations, and melting back again. Roll and roar of the unseen tide along noisy Fleet Street and loud Ludgate Hill and by echoing St Paul's, and then a dulled quiet in Cheapside, as though the breakers had fallen into sudden frosty silence. Then from the asphalt to the stones again, with renewed bellowings of the unseen tide. Nothing seeming real to either of the travellers but themselves and the vehicle they sat in. Even the cab, verifying its existence by painful joltings, was drawn, in quite a ghostly and unreal manner, by nothing but the phantom hind-quarters of a horse.

All this time Hiram speculated as to the identity of his companion, resolving now that he was the husband of the dying woman, and

now that he was not. 'If I know anything about human natur,' said Hiram to himself finally, 'he's the sort of man who'd find lyin' come easy to him. Sooner lie than not, I fancy.' He was most unfavourably impressed with Mr Garling, and judged rashly. The cashier had, in point of fact, no preference either way, but told the truth or not, as it suited him.

The cab began to turn and twist amongst narrow and ill-paved streets, and by-and-by drew up before a mean and dingy door. Even in the fog, Garling knew it, and alighting, laid his hand upon the knocker; when Hiram seized him by the wrist, and whispering, 'Gently does it,' leaned above the area railings and tapped softly with his fingers at the window.—'I've lent my latchkey to the nurse,' he explained. In a moment, the girl who had answered Garling's summons on his former visit, opened the door, and stood aside for them to pass. She carried a candle, and, protecting the flame with her hand, threw its feeble light upon her own face. Garling stood still and looked at her for a second or two; and she returned his gaze with some astonishment, not unmixed with fear.

'You love me well enough to trust me?' It was the phantom voice of an hour ago—the echo of the voice of his own dead past, sounding in Garling's ears.

'I love you better than any words that I can find will say.' Question and answer murmured in his ear as he regarded her. She was the revival of what her mother had been. Was there any touch of pity in him—any stirring of remorse?

'Where is your mother?' he asked.

'She is waiting for you,' the girl responded. 'Come this way.' Holding the candle aloft, she passed up the stairs with the light shining down upon her hair, and making a halo upon it. Garling followed. The girl tapped at a chamber door; and a woman dressed in black opened it, and making a motion with her hand, as if to warn them both to silence, admitted them.

'Is she awake?' said Garling, in a hoarse under-tone.

The woman shook her head, and whispered: 'Sit down.' She motioned to a chair; and Garling obeyed her.

The girl, still shading the candle with her hand, retired. One night-light burned feebly in the room, and the sleeper's face was shaded from it. The fire had died within the grate, and the air was cold, and tinted yellow with the fog. A clock in another room ticked irregularly, with a sort of broken gallop in its sound, as though Time were tired, and hastening with uncertain footsteps to its close. As Garling listened to it, it came suddenly to an end, leaving an ominous pause. Distant breakers on great London's shore rolled from silence into silence. The pale shadows of his waking dreams were back again; the thin voices murmured on his inward ear. 'You love me well enough to trust me?' Again his own question. How had he repaid the trust he once invited?

The sleeper moved uneasily; and, rising, he drew the curtain a little to one side and looked at her. Her face was pale, and held no resemblance to what it had been, or any remembrance

of it. The change was chiefly of his making. He dropped the curtain noiselessly and sat down. The distant breakers on great London's thoroughfare heaved slowly up, rolled over, and died again to silence one by one. Any rustle of the nurse's dress was quite an episode. Any closing of a door in the street without, any passing footstep or voice that said 'Good-night,' any ash that shifted in the dead fire—took a weird importance. And so an hour went by, and the sleeper awoke.

'Has Mr Search come back?' she asked, feebly, with a pause between each word.

'Yes,' said Garling; 'and I am waiting here.'

'Leave us alone,' said the dying woman to the nurse, who bent above her. The nurse lingered, touching things here and there, and then retired, closing the door gently.—'Come here, Edward. Let me see you.'

'I am here,' he responded, 'in answer to your message.'

'Edward, I am dying.'—He made no answer.—'I never wronged you.'—The words 'I know it' were almost on his lips, but he did not speak them.—'I have no reproaches.' She could say no more for very weakness.

'Is there anything,' he asked, in a dry and husky voice, 'that I can do?'

'Yes,' she breathed, looking at him with bright sunken eyes.—'Mary.'

'You wish me to take care of her?' The closing eyelids silently indicated 'Yes'; and he said coldly: 'I will do it.'

'Edward!' she breathed.

'Yes?' he answered in the same dry tone. The merest motion of her head beckoned him down, and he inclined his ear.

She murmured word by word: 'I have forgiven everything.'—He never moved or made a sign in answer.—'If I did wrong—if I tried you'—the words fell one by one, and were barely audible—'forgive me now.'—Perhaps, if the inward voice had been less loud, he might have spoken.—She raised her wasted hand to his cheek, and he started upright at her touch. It was the first caress from any hand which had been laid upon him for now many years, and it was harder to bear than even the inward voice of accusation.

—'Edward,' she whispered, 'kiss me.'—He bent stiffly down, and kissed her icily on the cheek. It was horrible to do it. Any pretence of love from him to her was such a lie, that even he revolted at it.—She closed her eyes, and lay breathing faintly; whilst he stood looking down at her face, and listening to the noises of the streets. By-and-by he could hardly tell that she breathed at all, and creeping stealthily from the room and down the darkened stairs, he knocked at the door of the lower apartment. It was opened by the girl who had admitted him to the house. He entered, and glanced about him. There were few changes. The table was still littered with cloths and the floor with shreds, and there was some unfinished sewing cast over the back of a chair. The nurse sat brooding at a dispirited fire, and looked up as he entered.

'Go to your patient,' he said; and the woman, moving as if she resented the order, or disputed his right to give it, left the room.—He turned upon the girl. 'Do you know who I am?' he asked.

'My mother said, when you came last time'—She was in evident dread of his eyes, and shrank from him.

'Your mother said—what?' he demanded drily.

'She said you were—my father.'

'She has sent to me, upon her deathbed'—the girl clasped her hands with a look of terror—to recommend you to my care. It is too late now to enter into the reasons which caused your mother and myself to part. I have promised that you shall be provided for; and if I find you dutiful and tractable, you shall be well provided for.'

'Her deathbed?' cried the girl, as if all the rest had passed her by unheard.

'I shall be here again to-morrow between one and two o'clock,' he continued. 'You will then tell me what you need, and I shall make it my business to provide it.' He might as well have spoken to the wind. She passed one hand across her eyes in a blind and vacant way, and looked at him with no discerning. He smoothed with his coat-sleeve the hat he held in his hand, and with a curt 'Good-night,' was gone.

The fog was denser than before, and the air had grown so raw, that though he was well wrapped up, and walked hurriedly, it chilled him to the bone. The ghostly and unreal semblance which everything bore in the fog, was in consonance with his mood, and was perhaps answerable for it. 'I did not marry *that* thing,' he muttered to himself, as the drawn face of his wife presented itself. He knew the vileness of that exculpation, and his thoughts goaded and irritated him. Dead Love, asking for some tenderness of pity, and being thus refused, brought fire instead of tears. He walked on, hurrying through the shadowy streets, carrying his own landscape with him, peopled with its shadowy creatures. Admitting himself at length at his own door, he mounted the stairs and entered the half-lighted room. He had never been a nervous man, and never a coward until now; but there was such a chill of terror on him that his hand shook as he turned up the lamp. The shadows fleeing back from the growing light, put him in mind of secret marauders hiding; and in great tremor, which not all his own scorn for it could subdue, he ranged over his two rooms, lamp in hand, examining every crevice, looking beneath the bed, and opening the curtains of the shower-bath which stood in one corner. The noises in the street were more subdued, for the hour was growing late. The fire was dead in the grate, and the air of the rooms was cold and thick with fog. He took two or three bundles of wood from a cupboard, and lit the fire anew, and bending above it, warmed his chilled hands at the smoky blaze. There were shadows lurking at his shoulder—hands raised to strike—hooded forms with hidden eyes afire—he knew how the eyes blazed behind him, though they were shrouded and unseen—came nearer, noiseless, step by step. And though he sat in stern disdain of these unreal horrors, and knew them for what they were, they were still fearful to endure. He scorned to turn and scatter them; and he knew that if scattered, they would come again. 'A vacant mind,' he said aloud, 'can breed these things by the thousand.' His voice sounded

hollow in the silence, and he half expected to be answered. 'I must give myself an hour's hard work,' he said, again aloud, 'or I shall not sleep to-night.' So saying, he crossed the room, unlocked the safe, and drawing forth his ledgers, fixed his lamp, and began to study the long rows of figures. To-night, he seemed endowed with a duplicate mental existence, for though he mastered the figures, and grasped all their conclusions firmly, he was still acutely conscious of the slowly creeping shadows and the threatening hands, and was at once afraid, and despitful of himself for being so.

He rose at last, and standing with his back to the fire, which now burned brightly, he moved his hands before his breast, casting the palms outward, as if waving off his fears. 'I have planned too long and too well,' he murmured, 'to surrender the prize to any shadows. "Shadows to-night,"' he went on, smiling grimly, "'have struck more terror to the soul of Richard, than can the substance of ten thousand'"—— The grim smile faded. Whatever the ten thousand were who filled the place of Richmond, they were disagreeable companions. Garling had never been a handsome man, and when he smiled, he was further removed from beauty than even when he frowned. 'Shadows—every one of you!' he said, with the renunciatory wave of the hands renewed. 'Absolute trust. Not a doubt in any mind, after ten years. And the plan perfect.'

As he spoke thus, there was even a sort of triumph in his face; and taking the lamp in his hand, he crossed the room firmly, entered his bedchamber, and undressed. He who defies himself, is bold; and Garling slept with no perturbation of conscience. He slept, and the hours went by him; and every second the warp and woof of Circumstance shot in and out, and he had no knowledge of the web they wove.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT PLOVERS' EGGS.

'ONE shilling and sixpence each, sir, and just now cheap at the money,' was the answer given to a gentleman who inquired the price of some small olive-coloured eggs marked with irregular black spots, contained in an ornamental basket standing on the counter of a West-end London poulterer. They were the eggs of the green-plover, better known as the lapwing or peewit, and the time of inquiry, it is but fair to add, was very early in the spring. Displayed in an adjoining basket might be seen a tempting lot of apparently fresh-laid eggs, of the domestic fowl, which were for sale at one shilling and sixpence per dozen. The contrast in price was certainly striking.

Recently, there went the round of the newspapers a little narrative of the cost of a fashionable London wedding-breakfast, stating that a certain rich man had on one occasion sent a trusty messenger across the German Ocean to Holland to bring him two dozen plovers' eggs for the use of his guests, in consequence of his not being able to procure those delicacies in London, and that the

twenty-one eggs—all that could be found at the time—cost, including travelling expenses, one sovereign each! The price stated may probably be a little exaggerated, and should be taken, perhaps, with a grain of salt; it may nevertheless be ranked in the category of tales occasionally told, of the peas at a penny and strawberries at a shilling each, which are now and again provided for great banquets, in order that wealthy persons may have out-of-the-way-viands on their dinner-tables. But however incredulous the general public may be on the subject, plovers' eggs at certain seasons command an inordinate price, and it appears, from investigations we have made, that they have always done so.

Enormous numbers of these eggs are annually disposed of in London and other large cities the inhabitants of which are accustomed to the changing luxuries of the seasons. Many thousand dozens, indeed, are gathered to be sold; and although eighteen shillings a dozen for the eggs may seem an extravagant price, it is not an extraordinary one. When plovers' eggs are scarce and the demand brisk, in consequence of numerous wedding-breakfasts and fashionable luncheon-parties, a pound a dozen has been frequently asked and obtained by the retail dealers. And even when they are more than usually plentiful, plovers' eggs are seldom to be purchased at less than from threepence to sixpence each. The season during which the eggs can be brought to market is, of course, a short one, and the most is made of it by dealers, who, however, are careful, in the event of a glut, not to lower the prices below a given figure, hundreds of eggs having been known to be destroyed in order that a good price might be obtained for what were kept!

The supplies of eggs which reach London, Manchester, and other large cities, are gathered by persons who have trained themselves in the business with great assiduity, and who are familiar with the localities where they are to be found. As novices are apt to be lured from the spot by the well-known artifices of the parent birds, it requires a trained eye to discover the rude but well-placed nests of the lapwing, which seem so much a portion of the surrounding moorland ground as not easily to be discerned except by those who possess a special aptitude in the business. Upon one occasion, an amateur at the work went over about seventy acres of ground where plovers were to be found during the egg season in great plenty; but was only able, after a search extending over seven hours, to bring back with him eight eggs. Next day, a farmer's boy discovered on the same ground, in half the time, thirteen plovers' nests. But young Giles was well accustomed to the work. At one time, persons in the county of Kent, in order to make the most of the business while it lasted, took pains, like the continental truffle-hunters, to train dogs to find the nests. This statement

was denied by one writer on the subject; but a reliable person has lately stated that he succeeded in training a Dandie Dinmont terrier to perform this sort of work. 'I had her out with me when a puppy,' he says; 'and when I found eggs, I showed them to her, walked away, made her find them again, and then rewarded her with a biscuit; and thus she learned to find them of her own accord.' Although, doubtless, a rare accomplishment, it is certain that dogs have been trained to find the nests of various kinds of birds, the plover among others. 'And why not?' said a gamekeeper to us. 'The dog is an animal of rare intelligence, and only requires to have that intelligence developed and utilised, to do any service that is required of him.'

In Holland, whence, during the season, large quantities of plovers' eggs are exported to London, the bird-watchers and egg-gatherers are reputed to be so expert in their calling as to be able to tell by its mode of flight whether a plover is, or is not, about to deposit its egg. The supplies consumed in London used, twenty years ago, to be gathered from the counties of Kent, Essex, Norfolk, Cambridge, and Lincoln; but now they are sought farther afield, and Scotland, with its extensive tracts of moorland, supplies large numbers every year. All parts of the kingdom, indeed, are now laid under contribution for these delicacies of the table, the Emerald Isle yielding its quota of what is required.

When the nests have been discovered, great care has to be exercised in selecting the eggs; those which have been sat upon for a few days being useless. Some egg-seekers are so informed on this point that they know, we may say intuitively, those which must be rejected. The rough-looking eggs may be accepted as new laid; but those which have a smooth and oily feel have been sat upon, and have made some progress towards hatching. Some professional egg-seekers, in order to place the matter beyond dispute, carry with them, in addition to their egg-basket, a small pitcher containing a little water, in which to test whether or not the eggs have been sat upon; a point which they easily determine by watching the pitch or posture which the egg assumes in the water. Some collectors are even able to tell if an egg has been sat upon for the space of twenty-four hours. Careful collectors return such to the nest at once, so that they may be hatched, and thus add to the future stock of laying plovers. Eggs which have been sat upon even for so short a period are found when boiled to have the slightest tinge of a dullish gray or white colour on their round end, and are not so crisp and delicate in flavour as those which have not been sat upon. If they have been under the hen for a longer period than twenty-four hours, they are found when boiled to be quite soft, and almost destitute of the beautiful transparent jelly which the fresh eggs contain, and which is so greatly prized by the

epicure. Much care requires to be exercised in boiling plovers' eggs, because of the brittleness of the shells. They should be boiled in a flat stewpan, no more eggs being put in than will cover the bottom of the vessel. Let the cold water, in which has been dissolved a liberal handful of salt, cover the eggs to the extent of an inch; place the pan with its contents on a dull fire; and as soon as the water boils, lift it off, setting it aside till the water is quite cold, when the eggs may be removed for use at table. Some parcels of eggs, especially those gathered at a great distance from a market, are boiled at once; but most of the eggs used are sold in their natural state, and cooks cannot be too careful in preparing them for table, the shell being apt to break with a very slight pressure. Plovers' eggs when boiled do not keep long; they are apt to turn sour or become otherwise unpalatable.

It has often been asserted that many other kinds of eggs are sold as being those of the lapwing; but it is not so easy as some people seem to think to deceive persons who are in the habit of eating these dainties. 'Rooks' eggs,' we have read, 'are frequently sold as the eggs of the peewit;' but that is not the case, as the difference in size, weight, and configuration would be at once and easily detected. A dozen lapwings' eggs weigh about eleven ounces. That the eggs of several wild-birds other than those of the rook have been and often are sold as plovers' eggs to those who do not know better, is pretty well known. Among such substitutes may be mentioned the eggs of the redshank and another member of the plover family, the flavour of the eggs of these birds being not unlike that of the peewit's egg.

To obtain a shilling for an egg that may have been purchased from its collector for a penny, is an object to some people; artists, in consequence, have arisen in London who, by means of a few touches of their pencils, are able to produce an article capable of being palmed off as the genuine produce of the lapwing, or for the matter of that, any other bird. The eggs to be operated on are first boiled, and then dressed up in the spots and colours of the plover. A London artist of Bohemian tendencies, told us that he was able to imitate most kinds of eggs by dyeing and otherwise manipulating them; his chief employer being a person who dealt in all sorts of natural curiosities, and was constantly employed in assisting young collectors to stock their cabinets. During the season, this person used to purchase hundreds of eggs of all kinds of birds, for the purpose of selling them to customers. The nests and eggs were supplied by men who travelled the country to obtain them, the money paid being trifling; such as, for magpies' eggs, a penny a piece; bullfinches', threepence each; those of the cuckoo, fourpence; those of the jay and rook, twopence. The eggs of commoner birds were disposed of usually

at about two for three-halfpence. Ingenious changes were made on the commoner kinds of eggs; the contents being 'blown' out, and the shells so manipulated, that they might be sold at a handsome profit; the purchasers being of course ignorant of the frauds which had been perpetrated.

No statistics can be obtained of the exact number of plovers' eggs which reach London and other populous places; but the quantity consumed is enormous, and has been more than once stated at tens of thousands of dozens. As many as two hundred and fifty dozens have been gathered in one district in the course of a season; which would represent the robbing of seven hundred and fifty nests, there being generally four eggs in each nest. How comes it, we may ask, when so many thousand eggs are annually used, that the supply can be kept up? The birds are numerous, we know; we have seen thousands in the course of an afternoon's drive. London alone is reputed to use every spring over two hundred and fifty thousand eggs. How then is this enormous supply maintained? On this point, a gentleman who is well versed in the natural history of the bird, says there is no doubt that if lapwings are robbed of their eggs early in the season, they will make a new nest and lay again; and the fact that young plovers unable to fly, are sometimes seen as late as August, affords presumptive evidence of a second hatching having in some instances taken place. A collector also whom we consulted at one time as to whether these birds would go on laying if robbed of their first eggs, assured us that, according to his experience, they did, and at once too. But a more extended inquiry leads us to believe that this replenishing of the despoiled nest can only take place in exceptional cases. The point, however, is worthy of the special attention of naturalists.

A STRANGE STORY.

TOLD BY A LINCOLNSHIRE CLERGYMAN.

CONCLUSION.

It was drawing towards the gloaming of the short winter's day when old Mrs Kirby departed. While the dogcart was preparing to take back my guests, we took a turn up the road, that I might point out Coryton Farm to the lawyer. It was only a dim outline, to be sure, in the waning light; but he could form some idea of its size and importance. As we stood looking through the handsome gates, Mr Scruby's gardener came hurriedly to them and threw them open. We then heard the sound of horses' hoofs on the hard frozen ground, and presently Mr Scruby's carriage came at full speed down the drive. We beheld the rich farmer's wife seated inside; but whether from the cold or the dim light, she appeared ghastly pale. The carriage turned out of the gates, and whirled along the high-road as if it were an engine going to a fire. We all stood still in the middle of the road, gazing after it.

'Whatever can be the matter?' said Mr Pullingtoft.

The gardener came up to us breathless. 'There's dreadful news come to the Missis,' said the man. 'The two young gentlemen who came home from school yesterday, went down to the pond this afternoon to skate; the ice broke, and both went in. Master, who had walked round that way, was there, and plunged in after them; and had not Master Walter come up in time to assist his father, Master would have been drowned as well as the two young gentlemen.'

'They are both drowned, then?' we cried, naturally shocked by the sad calamity.

'Ay, ay,' said the gardener; 'both drowned. And what between grief and the drenching as he gave himself trying to save the two lads, Master has been taken frightful bad. He lies in Miles Ralston's cottage, and is said to be a-raving and a-raving awful. Missis, as you saw drivin' out, is a-going to him.'

'And Master Walter?' said I.

'Master Walter has never left his father since he was carried into the cottage, and keeps every one out of the room except Miles Ralston's old sister, who was once on a time housekeeper to Master, and knows more about him and his affairs than any one cares to say. A strange un is Madge!'

As he spoke, he gave a significant nod of the head, and walked away. I was about to detain him, to ask the nearest way to the cottage he had spoken of, when a man came hurriedly up to me and touched his cap. He had been sent by Mr Walter Scruby, to ask me to come at once and see his father, as the doctor expected he could not live more than a few hours.

With a request that Pullingtoft should await our return at the Rectory, I at once accompanied the messenger to the cottage—leaving Mr Shaw to follow more leisurely. I was met at the door by Walter, who I was glad to see had obtained dry clothes. It was only necessary to look at his face to read the mental anxiety under which he laboured.

'How glad I am to see you,' he said, as he grasped my hand. 'But I fear you will be of but little use to my poor father, for he is now quite unconscious. He has neither spoken nor opened his eyes for some time, and the doctor fears he cannot last long.'

I spoke kindly to the young man, striving as far as I could to mitigate the bitterness of his sorrow; and then entered the room where his father lay. I found him as described. The doctor was present, and explained to me that Mr Scruby had for some time after the accident manifested symptoms of the most violent mental excitement, and from what he gathered from his broken utterances and ravings, there was evidently something lying heavy on his mind—probably something that may have been tormenting him for months, and the occurrences of that morning had brought it to a crisis. But for this, unless the patient may have also sustained some internal injury while among the ice, he did not think the accident would have told so fatally upon him. He was now in the last stage of exhaustion, and could not live many hours.

This was spoken to me at some distance from the bedside, and out of hearing of Mrs Scruby, who was now sitting sunk in grief by the side of her unconscious husband. The doctor added

that he did not think it was necessary for me to address myself to the patient, as he was now beyond the reach of mortal voices, and the lethargy in which he lay would shortly end in death.

I went forward, and spoke a few words with Mrs Scruby; but the patient himself lay still as a statue, and past all comprehension of his surroundings. After reading the prayers for the sick and dying, and shaking hands with Mrs Scruby and Walter, I left the room.

The doctor met me at the door of the apartment, and drew me into a little room that served as kitchen and general sitting-room for the inmates of the cottage. I found Mr Shaw there before me. After closing the door of the apartment, the doctor asked us if we knew of any trouble into which Mr Scruby had got with regard to a missing will, as he had gathered from his incoherent exclamations while in a delirious condition that some such thing was pressing upon his mind. The poor man had further repeatedly called for one Madge Ralston to come at once and confess herself; but if the woman referred to was she who lived in this cottage, she must, the doctor said, have disappeared shortly after his arrival, and had evidently for the time absconded or hid herself. What would Mr Shaw advise doing?

Mr Shaw stood thinking a moment, and was at length about to speak, when the silence was abruptly broken by a suppressed groan, which I at first thought must have proceeded from the chamber of the dying man. But the doctor had sharper ears. Walking forward to a door on the far side of the apartment, and opening it, we there saw, sitting huddled in the corner of a closet, her face buried in her hands, the woman of whom we had just been speaking. She rose up slowly, and coming out of the recess, sat down on a chair by the fire, rocking herself to and fro, and emitting heavy sighs and groans, as if in physical agony.

I had occasionally seen the woman before. The tall spare form, masculine gait, and deeply marked features were such as, once seen, the observer does not readily forget.

'Good woman,' I said, going forward to her and placing my hand upon her shoulder, 'if there is anything that lies heavy on your soul at this moment, confess it, for the love of your Maker, and for the sake of the man that is dying in the next room.'

'Do not call me good!' she said, with an impatient gesture. 'I have never been a good un—never have been. But the man as lies dying in there knows more on't than I do.'

For some time it seemed as if she were determined to say nothing regarding her relations with Mr Scruby; but upon Mr Shaw representing to her that the dying man had said enough to justify them in suspecting her of having at least aided and abetted him in the hiding and keeping secret of his father's will during so many years, it would be necessary, unless she was prepared to speak out frankly, to take her at once before a magistrate. Thus threatened, she began to show symptoms of yielding, and at length, though at first unwillingly, made a confession to us of what she knew.

To follow her through all the ramifications and

wanderings of her wild talk would only weary the reader, and I need only repeat its general import.

At the time of old Mr Scruby's death, Madge Ralston was, and had been for some years, a servant in Coryton farmhouse. While in this position, and being somewhat handsome in her youth, she had succeeded in ingratiating herself with young Scruby, and in gradually supplanting Mrs Greenwood as housekeeper. The latter, however, was not finally turned off till after the old man's death. The latter events, as already mentioned, occurred somewhat suddenly, Mr Scruby having been stricken down by paralysis, after which he lived only one week, but during that time never spoke a word or showed the slightest symptoms of consciousness. During the days immediately preceding Mr Scruby's death, his son had been actively engaged in making a search of the house, for the purpose of ascertaining if the will, which he knew his father had made, had been preserved by him or not. Up to the very hour of the old man's death, Seth had been unsuccessful in his search, and was evidently pleased to think that the will which gave so large a portion of the property to his sister Mrs Meadows, had apparently been destroyed.

After his father's breath was out, Seth could scarcely help indicating to his favourite Madge the delight which he felt at not finding the will, when Madge asked him if he had looked into a little locked recess in the wall at the back of his father's bed, where she knew the old man had sometimes placed money and other valuables for safe custody. Seth had not previously known of this hiding-place, or had overlooked it in his search; but on turning to it now, he found that the will was really there, along with an injunction in his father's handwriting enjoining him as he would hope to have a father's blessing and avoid a father's curse, to see the will faithfully executed, especially as regarded his sister Jane, towards whom the father's heart in these last months of his life had evidently begun to relent.

The finding of the will disturbed Seth greatly, especially as Madge Ralston had been a witness of its recovery. Had he discovered it unobserved, he would at once have destroyed it. Now he was in a measure in his servant's power, and had no alternative but to take her into his confidence. He was determined that neither his sister nor her husband should ever profit by the will, and at once therefore proceeded to engage Madge in a plot for the suppression of the document. At first, she was strongly averse to joining in so dangerous and wicked a scheme; but on being reminded by Seth that Edward Meadows' father had at one time turned her and her parents out of house and home—which in a sense was true—her determination was shaken; for though she had loved her young mistress Jane, she hated Edward Meadows with a bitter hatred. Add to this that Madge was young, handsome, a favourite with her young master, and avowedly ambitious—being likewise not without some hope, which had been encouraged by certain expressions dropped by Seth, that she might herself yet be mistress of Coryton farmhouse—and we have motive enough for a woman of her character engaging in the cruel and heartless scheme to rob poor Mrs Meadows of that which had been

bequeathed to her by her father. Entering, therefore, into the scheme, she represented to Seth, with a cunning view to her ultimate power over him, that the will *must* be kept, for a copy of it might exist somewhere, and that would be awkward for them. Besides, his sister, from her state of health, could not live long, and her husband and child were both weakly persons, and in a few years it might be possible, on pretence of finding the will, to make it known, and thus enjoy the inheritance without danger. Accordingly, it was given out by Seth Scruby that no will could be found, that his father must some time before his death have destroyed it, on account of his sister's undutiful conduct and foolish marriage; and nobody stirring in the matter in behalf of Jane Meadows, her husband, or her child, the gossip that had at first arisen in the district regarding the subject soon died down and was forgot.

For some time after his father's death, Seth Scruby was kind and attentive even beyond his nature to his handsome housekeeper, who on her part lost no opportunity of doing what might advance her interests with him. But after some months, it was obvious to her that Seth was not going to commit himself to the final step of marriage with her, and her suspicions on this head were further awakened by a rumour which reached her, to the effect that the young farmer was shortly to be married to an amiable and wealthy young lady, the daughter of a farmer in a neighbouring parish. Revenge now took the place of affection in her breast, and her first step was to secure, before her master's apprehensions were in any way awakened, possession of that will which she had conspired with him to suppress. This she managed to do; as she had, unknown to Seth, a duplicate key of the desk to which the will had been transferred. The document was contained in an open cover indorsed in the handwriting of old Mr Scruby; Madge therefore withdrew the will from this cover, and inserted in its place a packet of paper similar in appearance to that of the real will. The latter she carried with her to her brother's house, whither she had removed on Seth Scruby's bringing home to Coryton his first wife.

Madge knew that Scruby would not fail to discover in course of time that the will had been removed from the desk in which he had placed it; and she had a fiendish pleasure in anticipating the agonies he would suffer when he found it was gone. That time came; but singular to say, not till after his first wife's death and the birth of his three children. He seems to have been quite assured of the safety of the document, and perhaps, like the guilty wretch he was, did not care to disturb his conscience by dwelling upon an action which had left his sister and her husband to die in poverty, and their little daughter Phoebe to be dependent for her upbringing upon the charity of others.

But previous to the home-coming of a new housekeeper after his wife's death, Mr Scruby, looking over the house, and making an inventory of its furniture and contents, had opened, for the first time for many years, what he supposed was the packet containing his father's will, and to his utter consternation found that the real will had been removed. Madge Ralston was not long in

knowing that he had discovered the theft; for one afternoon he came to the cottage and put certain questions to her as to the condition of various things in the house while she was there. The matters were commonplace enough in themselves; but she could see, notwithstanding his assumed outward complacency, that the fires of self-torture were already lighted within him; and that his future, by day and by night, would be rendered horrible to him by the knowledge that the will, in the concealment of which he had sacrificed both his personal honour and his peace of mind, was in the possession of some one else—he knew not whom—and might at any moment be brought to light, with the effect of placing him in the felon's dock, and branding his name with merited infamy. To a man in his position, the very thought of this was terrible; and Madge Ralston smiled with wicked delight as she saw him walk away from the cottage, bearing with him the unseen millstone of agony which she had thus hung about his neck. She knew he suspected her, though he dared not speak.

Time wore on, and Mr Scruby married again; but Madge could see in his face and his manner—in his restless wanderings hither and thither, and his growing violence and impetuosity of temper—that the burden he had to bear was weighing him down, and would eventually crush him into the grave. Yet she made no sign. She would have destroyed the will altogether, but that its destruction would leave Scruby, the man she hated, in the full and free enjoyment of his unlawful possessions. On the other hand, after keeping the will so long, she was afraid to make its existence known, even though it would benefit Phoebe Meadows; for she had by her long silence concerning it, made herself art and part in the felony of its concealment. Indeed, she in turn began to experience anxiety regarding it; and now that the sense of gratified revenge over Scruby had begun to lose its first freshness, she was almost in as deep a state of perplexity as Scruby himself. Yet she spoke not. She had recourse to the bottle; but the temporary alleviation of misery which this afforded her, only sunk her deeper in her own eyes and those of the world. She at length found herself equally shunned by her neighbours and despised by her friends.

About this time, it began to be bruited abroad that some friends of the girl Phoebe Meadows were, in the absence of the will in question, to make a claim upon Scruby for the share of money and other movables which of right belonged to Phoebe's mother. This news reached Madge Ralston, and she heard them with mingled feelings. For the first time these many years, her harsh cold heart began to relent—but not towards Scruby. It was towards Phoebe Meadows, as the child of her young mistress in days long past, that her feelings softened; and one evening she resolved to come to me at the vicarage, make a full confession, and let the law against her take its course.

It was a wild stormy night, and her resolution more than once failed her on the way. Just as she approached the vicarage, she saw me come out, cross the churchyard and enter the church. All at once the idea flashed upon her, to get rid of the will in a way that would

relieve herself, while it might cast suspicion upon Scruby; whereas, to confess to the parson would only incriminate herself. She therefore, shielded by the darkness, stole into the church after me, and proceeded, while I was in the vestry, towards the Scruby pew, where she had resolved to hide the will, and where it was almost certain before long to be discovered by the church-cleaners. In approaching the pew in the darkness, she had unwittingly come into contact with the door of it, which shut with a bang. This bringing me back into the church, she hid in an adjoining pew till I had again entered the vestry; when she once more reached Scruby's pew, and by quietly tearing the will into several portions, she succeeded in stuffing the whole of it in behind the carved woodwork on the front of the reading-desk. She then crept back to the church-door, trembling in turn lest I should see her, and got safely out; but in her trepidation allowing the door to shut heavily behind her.

What followed on my part, I have already told the reader. As for Madge, she rushed homewards as if a wild beast had been in pursuit of her; and for the time had a kind of satisfaction that the hated deed was now out of her possession. But this did not continue long. On this, the very afternoon of the day when Scruby's two sons were drowned, and himself laid on a bed of death, she had seen Scruby approach her cottage. He was by himself, his three sons being on the ice; and as he opened the door and walked in, there was a fierce light in his eye such as she had never seen there before.

'Madge,' he said, 'I am told a will, which is said to be my father's, has been found. Shall I send for the police, and tell them that you were the thief?'

'Yes, you may, if you please, Seth Scruby,' retorted Madge haughtily; 'and perhaps I shall be able to tell them who it was that suppressed the will, and kept it concealed at the farmhouse for so many years after your father's death.'

The retort sent the blood out of the farmer's face, and he was about to speak, when the terrible cry was raised that the ice had given way. He rushed out of the house like a madman, and in a few minutes the terrible catastrophe we have already described had taken place.

I need not dwell upon the events of that day, or the closing hours of a career such as that of Seth Scruby's. He died in the course of the evening; and his body was, with those of his two sons, removed to Coryton Farm. That same night, Madge Ralston disappeared, and was never again seen in the district. Mrs Scruby, the stepmother of Walter the young heir, did not remain at Coryton many days after her husband and his two sons were buried, and is now, I believe, living with her friends in one of the western counties.

As for the will, it was duly proved and acted upon; Walter, with his natural generosity, rendering every assistance in restoring to Phoebe Meadows the property of which she and her mother had been so unjustly deprived.

This that I have told you happened four years ago. Since that time, Phoebe Meadows has been making up for the education she lost

in her youth, and Walter Scruby has been outliving the years of his minority. And such has been the happy tenor of events during these years, that the two cousins have resolved to live as such no longer, and I am invited by the worthy Pullingtoft, who is to give the bride away, to perform the ceremony that shall make them husband and wife.

OIL AT SEA.

FROM correspondence with captains, and others connected with maritime pursuits, and judging from the notices that are now beginning to appear in the newspaper press, we have reason to believe that our repeated and urgent suggestions regarding the use of oil in allaying broken waves, are at length receiving some measure of attention. The following additional instances, which we have compiled from various sources, speak for themselves, and show that those who go to sea especially in open boats, unprovided with oil, run risks which might otherwise be avoided.

'About thirty years ago,' says a correspondent, 'I happened to be detained for some time on the island of St Helena. Oil-wells were unknown in those days, and whale-fishing was pursued with considerable energy in the south seas by the Americans. St Helena was a point of call for ships employed in this industry, and so it happened that I had many opportunities of observing what kind of vessels were employed as whalers. Instead of finding them new and strong, as I expected, I found that many of them were old vessels, which had for years been employed in the ordinary mercantile service, and that when doubtful for that trade, they were considered good enough for whaling. How could this be? A single instance will explain. One whaler came into Jamestown, transhipped four hundred barrels of oil, took in stores, and left for the fishing-ground. She was very old; but the sailors said she was safe enough—she never had to contend with angry seas. Wherever she went, she carried with her a charm that smoothed the crest of the angriest waves. What with exudation, pumping, and throwing overboard refuse from the coppers in which the blubber is boiled, the old ship effectually insured herself against being either struck by a heavy sea, pooped, or having her deck swept.'

About twenty-eight years ago, in the month of May, there arrived in Hobson's Bay a small fore-and-aft schooner, which may be called the *Jeanette*. She came from New London, United States, was deeply loaded, and carried besides a heavy deck-load of timber. She caused a good deal of speculation, for the following reasons. She was only sixty tons register, was loaded like a barge, had had a very stormy passage of four months, and reached Melbourne without loss of any kind. The captain was a shrewd Yankee, who knew that vessels of this kind were in great demand in Australia for the coasting-trade, there being then but few steamers there. He had brought her out for the purpose of selling her, had

made as much freightage out of her as could be made, and knowing that she was overloaded, he had, before leaving New London, taken on board a barrel of oil, which oil, when necessary, had been sprinkled over the taffrail. The huge waves ran after the *Jeanette*, but not to hurt her. They overtook her, glided gently under her, and left her, to be followed by others in the same gentle manner. After being 'an eight days' wonder' in Melbourne, the *Jeanette* was sold to remain in the country, and one of her crew shipped with the writer to return to England. This man, himself a skilful seaman, used to say that the safe arrival of the *Jeanette* in Hobson's Bay was entirely due to the practice of sprinkling oil upon the waters.

The following letter from Captain Allison, steam-ship *Loch Awe*, has been addressed to Captain Mitchell, Dundee: 'At the time the steam-ship *Loch Awe* was lost (in the first week of January), there being so little prospect of saving our lives in the remaining boat, it occurred to me to try if a small quantity of oil would smooth the breaking sea, and keep our frail craft as long afloat as possible. Accordingly, before the boat was swung out, a three-gallon can of oil was placed in her. After abandoning the vessel, and drifting before wind and sea, on observing a breaking sea approaching, a small portion of the oil was poured out, and always succeeded in smoothing the broken tip of the sea before it reached the boat. Of course, the boat was proceeding at a considerable rate through the water, which allowed the oil to get to the approaching sea before it reached the boat.

'It is my opinion that if vessels running before a breaking sea were to pour a small quantity of oil over the stern, or have a strong canvas bag, filled with oakum and saturated with oil, suspended over the stern or side of the vessel in such a position that it would occasionally dip in the water, it would in a great measure keep the sea from breaking on board and doing serious damage. I have seen bags of the above description used in small vessels engaged in the fish-trade between Newfoundland and Europe, and the fishermen all spoke greatly in favour of oil being used to keep the sea from breaking. It is also well known that a dead whale or other oily fish floating on the surface of the water will keep it quite smooth for a considerable distance, even while the sea may be breaking heavily where there is no oil on the surface.'

A correspondent writes to us from Marseilles: 'I have just been reading the last article on "The Use of Oil at Sea" in your *Journal*. You mention the use made by Mediterranean divers of oil to procure a still surface, adding that this, with other instances, "were merely hearsay." As I take an interest in this matter, it has struck me to communicate to you the following fact, which might possibly be considered worthy of being embodied in a future article.

'The sea-urchin, or *oursin*, is considered a delicacy by the Provençaux. Many fishermen are engaged in fishing for this mollusc during the season when it is in best condition; their small flat-bottomed boats may be seen close to the coast and in the numerous inlets, the

humble occupant leaning over the bows holding a pole, which is provided with bent prongs, by which he steadily draws the spiny creatures from the rocks below.

'It can be readily imagined that to be able to see the urchins, the surface of the water must be placid. When the sea is ruffled, he accomplishes his purpose by dropping oil now and again from a little bottle suspended from the bows of the boat. A single drop has an almost instantaneous effect in smoothing the surface for a short distance round him.'

From the *Hobart Mercury* of November 7, 1881, we learn that a Tasmanian ship which had arrived at Hobart from Mauritius, had encountered a terrific storm, and owed her having ridden it out in safety to the use of oil. The gale was so fierce and the seas so heavy, that no food could be cooked for two whole days, every place where water could find ingress having to be closed up. 'The vessel was only saved, so Captain Leslie firmly believes, by his using oil to smooth the water and prevent it breaking on board. The course adopted was saturating swabs in oil every two hours, and casting them over the sides of the ship with weights attached, to keep them in position. The effect was truly marvellous; for mountainous waves would be seen approaching the little barque, and were expected to completely envelop and crush her; but as they met the oil floating round the vessel, they glided on with merely a heavy swell, from which she suffered no harm. Every drop of oil on board was used for the purpose, and it proved of inestimable worth.'

Several interesting experiments were recently made at Peterhead, by the laying of pipes charged with oil, across the bar of the North Harbour. The oil, which exudes from the pipes by force-pumps, rises to the surface and forms a smooth expanse of considerable extent. The invention is due to the sagacity of Mr Shields of Perth, who made the experiments at his own cost, and has now presented, as a free gift, the completed apparatus to the town of Peterhead. This apparatus consists of some hundreds of feet of piping, having three conical valves, seventy-five feet apart from each other, which prevent the oil from escaping, except when the force-pump is in operation. Days most suitable for testing the efficacy of the oil in stilling the troubled waters were selected, the sea coming in and as usual breaking right across the bar. The pipes were charged with oil at high water, and shortly afterwards the oil rose to the surface, covering the sea for a considerable distance, and converting what was previously broken water into a glassy, undulating sheet. The experiments were a complete success; and Mr Shields' invention is one which deserves to be taken into careful consideration by those connected with harbours.

Still another interesting experiment has been made in the harbour of Montrose. On the forenoon of 30th January last, about an hour before high-water, a number of the crew of the lifeboat went out in the *Mincing Lane* to try the experiment of stilling the waters by pouring oil upon them. After crossing the bar, on which there was a pretty heavy sea running, about a gallon

of oil was thrown out, and the effect was instantaneous, and considered very satisfactory. The boat was afterwards pulled round by the Annat Bank, on which a heavy sea was dashing, and another quantity of oil being discharged, a like effect was produced. Other experiments were made further out, in every case the waves being smoothed down around the boat. The fishermen expressed themselves highly pleased with the success of the experiments, and agreed that oil should be carried in their boats when going to sea.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ALTHOUGH, happily, we have for many years been spared the horrors of war, our military and naval authorities, as in duty bound, are always prepared for what may happen in the near future. The implements of war are always being rendered obsolete by newer patterns or fresh inventions; so that in numberless cases improved arms are approved, made in quantities, and issued to the troops; but before the din of battle overtakes them they are recalled, and new weapons take their place. Huge ships, each representing a rich man's fortune, are devised, launched, and after a butterfly existence, floated to the ship-breaker's yard. The British tax-payer may grumble, but he cannot well point out how this expensive training by experience can be obviated. The history of every important human contrivance, from the electric telegraph and the steam-engine to minor inventions, teaches us that there must be slow and progressive work until anything like perfection can be attained.

These remarks are prompted by the publication of an extremely valuable book by Sir Thomas Brassey, *The British Navy, its Strength, Resources, and Administration*. Here we have an exhaustive account of what has been done, and what is being done at the present time, to maintain the boasted position of Britannia as 'ruler of the waves.' The work comprises a complete history of the building of modern ships of war, from the time of the attack upon Gibraltar in 1782, when iron bars were suspended over ships' hulls, to protect them from the comparatively feeble projectiles then in use, to the present day, when steel plates two feet thick form the protective armour. The title of the book does not altogether do it justice; for it includes copious descriptions of the modern ships of war of all nations; and this latter section is one of its most interesting and valuable features.

Every month seems to bring forth some new invention by which armour-plates are made more resistant, or on the other hand, by which the shots which are to pierce them are rendered more penetrating. The battle between the plates and the guns has been waged so long, and with such skill on both sides, and the combatants have grown to such huge and unwieldy proportions, that there is great difficulty in either moving the ships to their destinations, or keeping them afloat when they get there. Perhaps we shall some day reach a time when ship's armour will be considered obsolete; just in the same way that fighting-men have long ago agreed that chain-mail and

the heavy cuirass are impediments to their work. In the meantime, we have to record an improvement, or discovery in the science of gunnery, which is likely to lead to important results.

It has always been the aim of artilleryists so to proportion the size of the powder-chamber in the gun, the amount of powder, and the size of the projectile, that the full power of the explosion shall be brought upon the projectile without any escape of gases, or unburnt material. The cartridge, which would seem to the uninitiated to explode all at once, does not in reality do so. It burns through from end to end, and as it does so, the expanding force of the gases evolved acts with increasing power on the projectile as it moves along the bore of the gun. Now, it has been proved by experiment that if slow-burning powder be exploded in a vessel sufficiently strong to withstand the shock, it can be ignited—turned into gas—and held, as it were, in subjection for any required time. This fact has been taken advantage of by Captain Maitland, R.A. By means of a metal ring fixed round the base of the shot, he retains it in the breech of the gun until the powder is sufficiently fired to produce a pressure of about two tons to the square inch. By this means an altogether unprecedented velocity is obtained. It will be understood that the method is only applicable to breech-loading ordnance, and that the retention ring is somewhat larger than the bore through which it has ultimately to be forced by the pent-up gases.

In once more bringing before parliament his Bill for the protection of Ancient Monuments, Sir John Lubbock had the opportunity of a quiet satire on our boasted civilisation. He pleaded that the pay of a competent Commissioner to look after such relics would not amount to more than the cost of a few trial-shots from one of our big guns. In the course of his remarks, he stated that interesting archaeological relics had in many instances been destroyed, because the materials were wanted to mend the roads, or to help towards the construction of new buildings. Only last year we saw workmen engaged in digging stones out of the wall of the celebrated old Roman camp of *Bremenium*, in Northumberland, in order to assist in the erection of an additional cottar-house within the limits of the ancient inclosure. It seems strange that Britons should take far more interest in such treasures abroad, than they seem to do in those of their own land. Constantly we hear of the demolition of old buildings which form landmarks in our history, without any effort being made even to preserve their outlines for the pleasure and instruction of posterity. But an honourable exception must be made in the case of 'The Society for Photographing Relics of Old London' (Henry Dixon, 112 Albany Street, N.W.), whose labours we have before noticed.

Smeaton's lighthouse on the Eddystone Rock, which has now been superseded by a similar structure, can hardly be looked upon as an archaeological treasure; but the movement which is on foot to preserve it as a national monument is one certainly to be commended. The old building, which has withstood so many storms, must be removed, or it will fall into the sea, not from any structural fault, for it is as strong as

when it left its builder's hands, but because the restless sea has undermined the rock on which it is built. It is suggested that this old tower should be removed and built on Plymouth Hoe, or that it should recommence a new lease of life on some spot where its light would continue to be of use to those at sea.

In connection with the course of Cantor lectures now being delivered at the Society of Arts (London) by Captain Abney, there is in the same building an interesting exhibition of Photographic Processes and Apparatus. The gradual progress of the art-science from its first feeble attempts to the grand results possible by modern methods, is well illustrated by specimens lent by the pioneers of photography. Photographs burnt in upon porcelain by Mr Henderson's method are specially worthy of notice, and the exhibitor suggests a very useful field of employment for such pictures. The foundation-stone of a building can have cemented into it a slab or slabs of porcelain bearing an inscription with a picture of the structure itself or of the buildings which it replaced. Such inserted slabs can also be used for gravestones, in this case bearing the portrait of the deceased. It need hardly be said that the permanence of a burnt-in picture is beyond suspicion.

In one of his lectures, Captain Abney demonstrated in a very practical manner the intense sensitiveness of a photographic plate as now prepared. A wheel having black-and-white sectors painted upon it, was rapidly revolved in front of the camera, but in complete darkness. An electric spark from a battery of six small Leyden-jars was suddenly caused to illuminate it. The experimenter estimated the duration of the spark at less than five-millionths of a second. The resulting photograph displayed an image of the wheel seemingly at rest!

The importance of a knowledge of chemistry to the modern agriculturist has been recently exhibited in a very practical manner in France. In the northern part of the country there are many growers of beetroot who are also distillers. A residue from beet distillation, called *vinasses*, is found to contain the nitrogen, phosphates, and salts of potash which the plant has originally drawn in from the soil. This liquid is now returned to the ground, and by its aid a good crop of beet can be looked for every two or three years. It is customary to alternate the beet-crops with wheat on the same ground; and it was found that in one case, although the beet maintained its quality, the wheat deteriorated. Upon an analysis of the soil being made, it was found deficient in phosphoric acid. Phosphates of lime were then put on the soil, after which treatment the wheat rapidly recovered its normal vigour.

A specimen of the desert land tortoise was recently shown at a meeting of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences. This animal, which is about the size of an ordinary bucket, seems to have some very peculiar characteristics. It carries on each side a membrane attached to the inner portion of the shell, holding about a quart of pure water. Its food is the giant barrel cactus, and from this watery plant it no doubt obtains its supply of liquid. The animal inhabits tracts of country where there is no water, and very little vegetation, with the exception of the cactus just

named; so that a thirsty traveller could on an emergency kill a tortoise for the water it contained. The Mexicans highly prize them for the excellent soup they afford.

M. Tissandier lately pointed out, in the pages of *La Nature*, the utility of the microscope in forming a rough analysis of articles of food in common use. Thus, a little starch moistened with water and placed on the stage of the microscope, will soon show its characteristic form; while any adulteration by gypsum or other mineral body can be immediately detected. In like manner, coffee, chocolate, pepper, milk, &c., can be submitted to critical examination. The only drawback of the system is that no durable record of the observation is made. But this difficulty can be easily obviated by the use of the photographic camera. In the municipal Laboratory of Chemistry in Paris, photographs of microscopic observations form a notable help to the work carried on there. M. Tissandier suggests that these photographs should be published, for the guidance of amateurs.

To any one who remembers the early years of the present century, when a large number of persons, men and women, whom you met were marked by smallpox, when poor beggar-men blinded by smallpox were pitifully led about by dogs, and when on all hands you heard of the multitudes that were swept away by smallpox—we say, to any one who remembers all this, nothing seems more surprising in the annals of human perversity than the bitter antagonism that still prevails among certain persons concerning the utility of vaccination. Notwithstanding the most convincing statistics which prove that the dreaded smallpox has been arrested, there are many people who will persist that vaccination has proved a curse rather than a blessing. It is some satisfaction to notice that the Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination, lately invited an opponent, in the person of Dr W. B. Carpenter, to speak at one of their meetings. Dr Carpenter showed that the mortality in England from smallpox had gradually declined from about four thousand per million, to two hundred and seventy-six per million. We trust that anti-vaccinators will bear his facts in mind, and profit by them.

According to the recent returns of the Registrar-general, a week of London fog has a most fatal effect on the health of the Metropolis. The death-rate of London, which during the winter months is generally less than twenty-two per thousand, rose in one week of fog to the abnormal proportion of 35.3 per thousand. This occurred, it must be remembered, in the absence of any severe frost, and when there was no prevailing epidemic to account for the increase. From being one of the most healthy cities of the empire, London is thus by one week of fog suddenly relegated to the lowest position on the list.

Dr Fothergill, during a lecture in connection with the Smoke Abatement Exhibition at South Kensington, said that 'if the fog of the last few days, which had got down our throats and impeded the action of our lungs, did not make people take an interest in the abatement of smoke, he did not know what would.' From the returns of the Exhibition, which is now

closed, it would seem that a vast number of people have taken an interest in this important question—a question not only affecting the Metropolis, but one which will in time force its attention upon every large town in the kingdom. Many foreign countries have sent over reporters to this Exhibition; and corporations and public institutions in various parts of the kingdom have been represented among the visitors. More than one hundred and sixteen thousand persons have entered its doors; and although there is a deficit of eight hundred pounds, the object of the display in bringing forward recent inventions bearing upon smoke-prevention has been fully attained. We may hope that the movement thus begun, which will be supplemented by similar Exhibitions in Manchester and other large cities, will lead to some permanent results. The reluctance of many manufacturers to consume their own smoke, and thus effect a saving in their coal-bills—irrespective of the sanitary point of the question—is to us unaccountable.

The *Builder* calls attention to the different method of treating lime for making mortar which prevails in Italy, from that commonly adopted in this country. In Italy, the first operation is to dig a pit for lime, in which it remains covered with water for two years before it is used. In England, on the contrary, lime is slaked and used the same day, any remaining over and above the quantity actually required being regarded as so much rubbish. Most building specifications mention newly-slaked lime as a *sine quâ non*. The friable and powdery character of the mortar in a newly-built house, which can often easily be picked from between the bricks by the finger-nail, would lead to the conclusion that there is something radically wrong in its composition. It forms a great contrast to the hard and stony condition of the mortar used in many buildings which have stood for centuries. Long attention to the subject of buildings in Italy, leads the writer in the *Builder* to assert that the Italian method is the right one.

The Exhibition of Electrical Apparatus and Appliances, at the Crystal Palace, was opened on the 25th of February, and is likely to prove of great utility in the advancement of electrical science in this country. The Exhibition is in every respect most complete, and illustrates almost every department of electrical science at present known. In some respects it is even more important than the Paris Exhibition, as the experience which inventors there gained led many of them to make important improvements on their apparatus and appliances previous to sending them to the London Exhibition.

BOOK GOSSIP.

ANGLING, whether viewed as an art or a recreation, has ever been agreeably associated with much that is beautiful in nature and pleasurable in society. One of its earliest and the best known of its advocates, Izaak Walton, gave to the pursuit a distinctive and pre-eminent place among kindred sports when he christened it, on the title-page of his book, the 'Contemplative Man's

Recreation.' And he further added to its attractiveness by blending with his angling instructions and adventures, pleasant dissertations—or rather digressions—on men, and animals, and birds, and flowers; lifting the whole subject out of the sordid ruck of merely worldly amusements, in which the money spent is expected to yield the money's worth, and placing it almost in the higher rank of literary and artistic pastimes, wherein the mental pleasure of the effort itself is to the person who puts it forth, a sufficient and satisfactory reward. Walton has had many followers, especially in the present century, with its Christopher North, its Ettrick Shepherd, Thomas Tod Stoddart, William Stewart, Francis Francis, and a host of others, whose writings have in a greater or less degree attracted public attention to the angler and his art, throwing around the subject a halo of literary brilliance, and dressing it out in all the rich and fantastic trappings of poetic sentiment and artistic fancy.

Another contribution to the same department of life and literature comes to hand, in the shape of a second series of collected papers by the Members of the Manchester Anglers' Association. The volume is entitled *Anglers' Evenings* (Manchester: A. Heywood & Son), and its illustrations, as well as its letterpress, are principally the work of Members of the Association from which it emanates. In all respects it is a creditable volume—a few of the papers being something more than creditable. We have fishing adventures in England, Scotland, Wales, and Norway; each narrative containing not only a certain fund of amusement, but for those who ply the rod, bits of genuine experience and instruction as well. Some of the papers show considerable narrative power; and the descriptions of scenery, from the wild surroundings of the White Coomb in the Southern Highlands of Scotland, to the marshy levels and osier-bordered meres of Staffordshire, have about them that touch of genuine appreciation, without which all scenic description is as lifeless as the back-scene of a theatre. The book is sure to be a favourite with those who are anglers; and it is almost equally sure that it will likewise be a favourite with many who are not.

The meaning of culture, says Matthew Arnold, is 'to know the best that has been thought and said in the world.' How best to attain this knowledge is one of the questions of the day. The Universities give the great weight of their sanction to the dead languages—to the classical productions of Greece and Rome; and in this they have been followed by individual thinkers. John Stuart Mill has said that 'the noblest enthusiasm, both for the search after truth and for applying it to its highest uses, pervades the classical writers. In cultivating, therefore, the ancient languages as our best literary education, we are all the while laying an admirable founda-

tion for ethical and philosophical culture.' But in recent years the opinion has been gradually emerging more and more into prominence that the dead languages have not the value as an element of culture which many would assign to them—that they are not the be-all and end-all of our educational wants.

Foremost among the advocates of this new doctrine—this heterodoxy of the schools—is Professor Huxley, and in his latest publication, *Science and Culture* (London: Macmillan & Co.), he has discussed the subject at some length, and with his accustomed vivacity of thought and breadth of illustration. But this does not form the sole topic of the volume. There is an admirable biographical and critical lecture on the life and opinions of Joseph Priestley, the Birmingham divine and scientist; another on the 'Method of Zadig'—Zadig being a more or less apocryphal character who lived long ago at the court of Babylon, and who is credited with having had a singular faculty of observation—the same kind of faculty indeed which makes a man of science at the present day. The essay on the border territory between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms, is replete with startling information bearing upon the question of what is plant and what is animal. These in the main are readily distinguishable; but as we approach the frontier, so to speak, of either kingdom, the power of defining between what belongs to the animal and what to the vegetable becomes more and more difficult, the one apparently leading into the other through such an insensible series of gradations that it is impossible, as Professor Huxley holds, to say at any stage of the progress—here the line between the animal and the plant must be drawn.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

HOUSE OF REST FOR WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

THERE is an Institution in the south of England about which we believe many of our readers may have never heard, and about which not a few of them may be the better for knowing something. We refer to what is called the House of Rest for Women in Business, at Babbacombe, in Devonshire. Pleasantly situated close to Babbacombe Downs, and surrounded by beautiful scenery, this unique establishment is under a Committee of management, consisting of the Duchess of Sutherland and other ladies, along with the Rev. John Hewett, Vicar of Babbacombe. The distinctive object of the Institution is to afford temporary rest and change of air to *women engaged in business*; and it is further intended rather for the prevention than the cure of sickness. It is well known that a short cessation from the cares and worries of business will often prevent a long illness; but the difficulty with many is not only to obtain the requisite opportunity for rest, but to know where to spend their short holiday. It is to meet this want that the Babbacombe Institution was organised; and it is especially intended for milliners, dressmakers, shopwomen, post-office clerks, and the like, many of whom in London and elsewhere break down for want of a rest in time. It is also available for such as desire to spend their annual holiday at

the seaside, but are deterred from doing so by the discomfort of solitary and expensive lodgings. Domestic servants, however, are not included in the list of those eligible for admission to the Institution, which is thus strictly reserved for 'women in business.'

The place is managed more on the principle of a large country house, than as an *Institution*, and those residing in it are treated rather as *visitors* than as lodgers. Pleasant intercourse and music indoors, and outdoor rambles, constitute some of the attractions. As such an Institution might be found useful elsewhere throughout the country, we may state that it is upheld partly by subscriptions, and partly by the revenue from visitors. The sum charged to visitors is twelve shillings per week. Donors, however, for each guinea which they give as a yearly subscription, are entitled to a ticket of admission for a period of three weeks. This ticket may be presented to any 'woman in business' whom the donor chooses in this way to assist, and the holder of the ticket is thereby entitled to reside in the Institution for three weeks, at the reduced rate of five shillings a week. The intending visitor, moreover, by sending a post-office order to the Rev. John Hewett, for the amount of a *single* railway fare to Babbacombe from the place where she resides, and a stamped and directed envelope, will receive from him a voucher for a *return* railway ticket; thus halving the expense of the journey. The Rules of the Institution, which may be obtained from the lady superintendent, Miss Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe, provide that each visitor must bring a reference either from her employer or from her clergyman; and that no one can be admitted as a visitor who is suffering from serious illness, or who is recovering from any infectious complaint.

Both the above Institution in particular, and the principle of its organisation in general, are, we think, worthy of the attention of those who have at heart the health and welfare of our 'women in business.'

'HOW FISHER-FOLK MIGHT PROVIDE FOR A RAINY-DAY.'

With reference to our article on this subject, which appeared in No. 947 of *Chambers's Journal*, we have received from a correspondent certain printed documents relating to a Mutual Benefit Society in Liverpool, which documents contain information that may be of interest in connection with the proposal advanced in the above article, for the institution of a Friendly Society among our fisher-folk. The Mutual Benefit Society alluded to is that of the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company, whose offices are at Wellington Dock, Liverpool. The members of the Society are the officers, seamen, shore hands, and others, employed in the service of the Company. The objects of the Society are (1) to afford assistance to the members in case of accident, and (2) to provide a stated sum in case of death. It is managed by office-bearers selected from its own membership. The officers and higher class of officials pay to the funds two shillings entry-money, and the sum of eightpence weekly; while seamen, firemen, and the like, pay one shilling entry-money, and fourpence weekly. Among

those members who pay fourpence weekly, any one of them who shall meet with an accident while in the Company's service shall be entitled to receive the sum of twelve shillings per week for the first twelve weeks, nine shillings per week for the next four weeks, and five shillings per week for other four weeks; then all claims for weekly allowance shall cease. In the case of death, the widow or relative shall be entitled to the sum of ten pounds. Those members who pay eightpence weekly are entitled to double the before-mentioned sums. The members number fifteen hundred and seventy-eight; and the Society, which was established in 1863, has already nearly twelve thousand pounds of invested funds.

The above shows what might be done in the way of self-help by our fisher-folk, were a similar organisation formed for this purpose. The small sum payable per week by each member would scarcely be missed; while the fund thus secured would form a valuable protection and support to families in the event of accident, illness, or death overtaking their bread-winners.

We may add that two other companies now exist in this connection, namely, 'The Scottish Boat Insurance Company (Limited),' and 'The Scottish Fishermen's Accident Insurance Company (Limited),' the head office of both being at 20 Seaford Street, Fraserburgh, whence, or from the branch offices elsewhere, information may be obtained as to the conditions of insurance either for life or boats.

FLORAL DELIGHTS.

BACK again to wood and dell,
Come the flowers we love so well.
Foremost in the flowery train,
Violets bring their sweets again,
Lingering from their early birth,
Till primroses shall deck the earth,
Which with golden cowslips blent,
Shall greet our gaze with sweet content.
And the blue forget-me-not,
With graceful cheer shall bless each spot;
And orchard blossoms, wild and sweet,
Shall rain their petals at our feet;
The while the tasselled larch shall bring
Further tokens of the Spring;
Till tree and hedge in Summer dress,
Shall each day grow in loveliness,
And Winter, sour and harsh, shall be
Quite banished from our memory. J. H.

The Conductors of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

2d. To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname, and address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.

4th. Poetical offerings should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Unless Contributors comply with the above rules, the Editor cannot undertake to return ineligible papers.

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